

THERMÆ REDIVIVÆ: 9

The CITY of

BATH DESCRIBED:

WITH 681

Some Observations on those Sovereign WATERS, both as to the BATHING in, and DRINKING of Them, Now so much in Use.

By Henry Chapman, Gent.

L O N D O N,

Printed for the Author, and are to be Sold
by Jonathan Edwin at the Three Roses
in Ludgate-street, 1673.

THEIR MAJESTIES

THE CITY OF

BATH

DESCRIBED

WITH

A DESCRIPTION OF THE TOWN AND

OF THE PARISH OF BATH

BY JOHN G. COOPER

OF THE TOWN OF BATH

PRINTED BY J. G. COOPER

1668:15

T O

The most August and Serene Prince
CHARLES II.
Of Great *Britain*, *France*, and
Ireland, King, &c.

Dread and Royal Sir and Sovereign,



I hath been all along (I praise my God) my Inclination as well as my Duty, to serve my Prince and Countrey the Wars in your ever Renowned Fathers time (wherein I had the Honour as well as the Misfortune (as carrying with it the Sacrifice of a Competent Estate) to be, shall testifie for the One, as this small Tract for the Other; as I am a Native of this place; so also for the better part of Twenty years, I was not a Stranger to many Near and Remote Regions, but never could I meet with, or hear of any such Waters as this your City yields, in reference to the perpetual constancy of their Quantity and Quality; on which reason, I have an Ambition and Desire

to Publish this to the World , what continual and inexhaustible Treasures, are stored up here in the Bowels of the Earth, scarce ever made known (at leastwise made use of) till these very late years, the Publication whereof, will Sans-peradventure , advance your Majesties Kingdoms Interest, as conducing so much, to the Longevity and health of the Nations : rendring them more Numerous and Hardy, (our Air will make them Valiant) and this being granted, as being an indisputable Maxim the Consequence is, *Cum multis Manibus grande levatur opus.*

May the good God , keep your Majesty, here (long after our Age) in the highest degree of Honour and Health , and when you Change, give you an Incorruptible for a Corruptible Crown, which hath, is, and shall be the daily and incessant Prayers of

Your Majesties,

Most humble, Loyal, and Obedient

Subject and Servant

Bath, 16. Nov-
vemb. 1673.

Hen. Chapman.



To the ever Renowned
NATIONS

Of, and in
Great Britain and Ireland.

I Am not ignorant, that there are many (and that Learned too) Treatises abroad, concerning something I am now in hand with. Dr. Jordan is Extant, and so is an Appendix to it, discoursing profoundly, from what Minerals these Waters may proceed with the Nature of Bitumen Sulphur, and the like; yet all this while, there wants a plain, and cheap (not Scholastique) Divulagation to the World, of the present use of these Waters, both as to the bathing in, and Drinking of them, the latter of which having not been much in use till within
this

this two or three years, is not (I conceive) sufficiently made known to the World, wherefore that these Sovereign Waters which are so much approved of, by those Many, that have made use of them, as having wrought so many and so admirable Cures; may lye no longer in Obscurity (in default of an abler Pen) I have in this small Treatise adventur'd it my self, in which the Reader cannot (considerato Authore) reasonably expect, any other then plain ordinary English, the whole aim and scope being to report them to the World, and (because of their singular Virtues) to encourage the use of them.

Printed in Bath,
Nov. 1673.

H. C.
Regi Gregi Victoria Copia.



THE
City of BATH
DESCRIBED.

THe City of *Bath* is seated in the North North-East part of *Somersetshire*, environ'd (almost) all round with pleasant and fruitful Hills full of excellent Springs of Waters, in so much as 'tis observed that on many of their Summits, there are rare Christal Waters, gushing out especially in one Village adjoyning to the Southwards of it, there are near Fifty (if not more) Habitations, where scarce one House makes use of that Water that served another, each one enjoying a particular to its self.

The Valley in which it stands, in any place extends (hardly) it self to half a Mile in bredth, in most places less; it is very pleasant and fruitful, and therein hardly ever seen any Pools, Loughs, or Meery places; for as soon as any inundation is over, the Waters totally Drein away with

with it, which doubtless contributes much to the Salubrity of the Air. From two of these Hills, the City (by Pipes of Lead) is not only plentifully served into the Common Conduits, but also not few of the private Houses are supplied with it within their own Doors, such a Convenience, and at such easie Rates, that few places enjoy the like; and this being carried through most Streets, Lanes, and By-ways, is not only for within-door Occasions, but in case of Fire, is very ready to be made use of.

The Streets, most of the Narrowest size, especially that near the Center called *Cheap-street*, the greatest Eye-sore of its Beauty and Cumber to its accommodation, it is Walled all round, with a Time-defying Stone, the Buildings (by strong supposition) mounted much higher then in former Ages; for walking round the Walls, it is perceivable, the City stands on a Batch (as we call it) in a bottom, from Fifteen to Twenty foot higher then the Surface without; neither is it without Suburbs, the fourth part supposed to be so, and all together, computed by some that pretend to have calculated its Dimensions, takes not up much more then Fifty Acres, in such a narrow compass is this ancient, famous, little pretty City contained; which being in such a bottom, hath such a variety of Prospects, and Landships, that few places parallel it, whereas places scited on Levels, seldom please the Eye far, deprived by the interposition of the next Pale, Wall, or Hedge, whereas, this raising it self higher then the adjoyning Gardens and Meadows, hath full and free passage, nor do the Hills so strengthen the Prospect, but that the Eye may even surfeit its self with variety of Objects (in some places) for at least three Miles, at once beholding the *Meander-Aven* Semi-circling the City, then the low Meadows, in several
small

Small and great Partitions, the Pasture grounds above them, then the Corn fields, so gradually ye come up to the Downs, on which particularly *Lansdown* is an excellent Coarſe of above two Miles, at the end whereof may be ſeen the City of *Bristol*, with the Counties of *Somerſet, Wilts, Glouceſter, Worceſter, Hereford, and Monmouth*; but this, has made me endanger the Out-running my intended Diſcourſe, ſeldom farther then the little City or its Proſpect, but this Digreſſion (I ſuppoſe) may not be much out of Order, when the Gallantry and Youth of the Nation, may be made acquainted, what Recreation the Vicinity of the place affords, eſpecially when it is accompanied with Hunting, Setting, &c.

The Wall is in compaſs not a full *Engliſh* Mile, and were the City not in ſuch a bottom, and ſo over-topped by Neighbouring Hills, by the Opinion of Col. *B.* (once Governor thereof) and ſome others, that may underſtand Fortifications) might be made Tenable, for indeed the whole, is but one entire Rampart, a Coffin fill'd with Earth, on which the Buildings are; then the Springs ſo near the Superficies, that no Approaches can be made but with great difficulty, there are large diſcourſes already extant of ſeveral Statues, Figures, as Gorgons Serpents, &c. in it, in which I ſhall not meddle, but leave every man to his view, and belief, but certainly this, it is a Noble Ancient Wall therein appearing many antiquities, as alſo four Gates, having their ſeveral denominations from the four Cardinal winds, which every night are order'd to be lock'd up, and a Watch Itinerant, Sworn not to enter any Houſe till four in the Morn, which how duely obſerved, ſome of them who have been caught tardy, and put into Wooden Baſtile, for their pains can ſatiſſie you.

The Government is by a Mayor, Aldermen, and Twenty Councillors or Citizens. The Mayor and Aldermen

men (on solemn-dayes) are in Scarlet, the number (by Charter) may not exceed eleven, nor under five; to these is added a Recorder, who there with the Mayor is Justice of the Peace and *Quorum*, having the precedence of the two other Justices; also a Town Clark, who every Leet-day (twice in the year) calls the Court, and it is kept in his Name, although Mayor, Aldermen, &c. present.

And here (I conceive it will not be improper, no Sally from the purpose, to observe the care here taken for the Poor, of which quality (I suppose) there are fewer then in any place (for its bigness) in the Kingdom, the yearly rate for the three Parishes, being under 30 *l. per ann.* which to some Strangers, hath, not being acquainted with the Custom and Method here taken) seem'd wonderful, most People conjecturing the City to be poor, (as indeed it cannot vaunt of many notoriously rich) yet Providence, with the beneficent munificence of some of our *English* Monarques hath sufficiently provided for it, thereby they owing as little to their backs and bellies as any place I know of, yet no stupid Gormandizers neither; for such care is taken that the wealthier sort eat their own Morsels, free from such importunate Clamours and Outcries as are too frequently seen in other places, that have a higher Celebration for Riches, this principally arising (without doubt) from Magistratical care, at every Quarter-Sale day wherein the poorer sort are not only kindly used (beyond comparison) but are also so tyed up, that they cannot squander away their good bargains, but are reserved in case of necessity to their needy Families.

It is supplied and adorned for the Service of God with three Churches, dedicated to St. James, St. Michael, and St. Peter and Paul, the later justly challenging to its self the preheminance, for lightsomness, stateliness, and elegance

gance of Structure, of all the Parochial Churches in the Kingdom, the Tower whereof is 162 foot high, in the upper loft whereof, is a noble Taunting, and Musical ring of Bells, whose loud Peals have been distinctly heard five, six, nay sometimes seven Miles distant. The Tenor is called *Hopson*, mostly the gift of that Honorable Family, what wanted in their bounty, was supplied by the City; to this Tower are four several Stair-Cases, at each distinct corner one. This Stately Pile was begun in *Henry* the Seventh's time by one *Oliver King*, the then Bishop of the Diocese, but never (by the iniquity of the times partly arising by the several changes) could it arise to any perfection, till about the year 1606. God raised up Bishop *Montague*, Mr. *Thomas Belot*, and other pious and generous Benefactors, by whose great bounty and good Example it now enjoys its present Splendor and Glory. In the Body whereof one thing is most remarkable, that although it be of a vast Dimension taking its height, breadth, and length, and lying uncovered for above 100 years, the Windows so large, the Walls so thin, (that I presume many Mansion-houses equal it) yet this Noble Pile, notwithstanding it hath no sloping Buttresses, on the outside to support and strengthen it, which the great Churches usually have, shews no Flaw, Crack, not settling, but stands firm and entire, evidencing thereby, not only the profound Skill of the Architect, but the goodness of the Stone, whose quality is, when taken up green out of the Quarry, of such a softness, that a Pen-knife (comparatively) may work it, without turning its edge, but when exposed to any building in the open Air, nothing more lasting, nothing more permanent, for neither Age nor time can deface it, witness the whole Pile, which notwithstanding it hath stood near two Centuries, yet to this day, remains as

firm and beautiful as at first, near the midst whereof, under an Arch to the Northward, lyes interred the Noble and Charitable Benefactor Bishop *Montague*, on whom his Executors (his Brothers) men of great Honor and Places, rear'd a stately Monument, answerable to the Dignity of that Honourable and Religious Prelate, over against this Noble Monument, the City in Testimony of the respects they owed to the then Rector Mr. *John Pelling* erected another to him, this Reverend Divine, notwithstanding he had a numerous Issue; yet was so indefatigably zealous in forwarding the reparation of this-Fabrick, that when at any time (and that was not seldom in that generous and benefactory Age) any Persons of Honour offer'd to him, as to his private, refus'd it with his, *Non mihi sed Ecclesie*, which occasion'd that Motto over his Tomb, which self-denial (its possible) the good God hath (secondarily paid into his own bosom, by a blessing on his Posterity, who (some of them especially) notwithstanding the few mites they had to begin the World, have now the value of Talents in their Possession; but this I take notice of, only for the Readers satisfaction, not for other Ministers Imitation.

In the South-east Isle, is a pretty, somewhat stately, and doubt less conceited Monument, all of Free-stone, having Originally no Inscription, as to time, person, or quality, therefore vulgarly called the *Speechless Monument*, but now not so, for although the Tenant was (possibly) not willing to have any, yet the will of the Dead, as to that particular is sufficiently broken, for on the ground are many Stones, curiously and artificially Joyned together, these make the resemblance of a copped Chest, and is in length, bredth, and height, sufficient to receive an Ordinary Corps; but it seems it was not the receptacle, if you believe the Scribled Inscription.

*Fancy may think one hid within this Tomb,
But reason says his grave was Mothers womb.*

Another.

*Nameless not Fameless, here one lyes,
Believe not me, believe thine Eyes.*

That was answered thus,

*Nameless then Fameless, for how can Fame
Attend that man that wants a known-by Name?
Anonymus here might very well share Fame
With Alexander, bating but his Name.
Harry Spicer like to Cæsar and's had nt spread,
But Cæsar's living, and Harry Spicer's dead.
Then Name makes fame, and nothing else for Fame
'S no more in sense then a Recorded Name.*

But to prevent all future defacing by such scribbling and scratching, one (it seems) had been so far acquainted with the name and quality of the there interred, that for the many years he hath silenc'd such Enormities by this Divulgation to the World.

*If any man my Name and Life enquire,
Lichfield my Name, my Life was Musicks hire.*

Near over against this Monument is a neat little Chapel, under an Arch between the Isle and the Chancel, (where formerly sate persons of the greater quality) some of which (I suppose) though much of it is not so; for curiosity in Stonework, is hardly to be match'd in England.

the last Prior here, and left his Fancy here in this Chappel, in the Abby-House, and in many other places in the City, being a Bird in a W.

*If any man my Name and Life enquire,
Lichfield my Name, my Life was Musicks hire.*

But since I am on Fancies, I must not leave this Church without a Recital of some others in the Windows, numbered in all to 52. most given by Strangers Benefactors (of which and all other charitable Donations there is a Vellum-Record on purpose kept in the Library) The great Window in the Chancel (where there is a greater in all dimensions I am yet to seek) was totally the Gift of that worthy forenamed Gentleman Mr. *Thomas Bellor* fancying his name, being party-colour'd quarrels of Glass laid Bellot-wise one over and cross the other. There are three others (though of smaller value) one given by Mr. *Malet of Enmore*, with his Coat of Arms and Motto, *Malet Meliora*. Another by Mr. *Bis of Spargrove*, with his Coat and Motto, *Bis fecit sis felix Bis*; the third a Citizen of *London* who although (peradventure) he was not so accountred from his Ancestors; yet his generous liberality was equal in the Charge to the others (unless the Coat made a difference) for a Window he gave of the same magnitude, with his fancy of *William Plumby*, *Here I was, This I did.*

I must not omit speaking somewhat of the Revenue of this Church, which indeed is but small, and that which is and hath been the Gifts of Protestant Benefactors, among whom, Dame *Elizabeth Booth* the Ancestors of that Noble and fully accomplish'd Gentleman the Lord *de la Mere*, exceeded all the Sons and Daughters of our *Israel*, by whose pious bounty (with some additions the City

City made) there is purchased in Land, to the yearly value of near 20 l. *per annum*, this seems but a small maintenance for so great a Building, yet with this, and with what else doth arise by breaking ground for Burial places, and for Monuments, it is as well kept in Repair as any Church I know of.

But before I leave this Church, I shall leave with you these few observations; First, that not any one (that I know of) not of the Religion professed and establish'd, gave one peny towards its Reparation; Next for the honour of our Fathers, they were the Repairers, and that in the last place We their Survivours may not be branded of having so much Faith, that we have lost all Good Works, continue the Reparation, and that not Niggardly neither; of which those famous Battlements and Pinacles, almost round, gives sufficient and pregnant Evidence.

And now having done your Devotions, it is time I lead you to the Kings Bath, where as soon as you come down the great Stairs, you may behold the Stone-pavement and Battlements quite round it, the bounty of Sir *Francis Stonor of Stonor*; and for that I have had some Reflections on Protestant Benefactors on the Church to give each Perswasion its due, this Gentleman was a Romanist, may nor this therefore argue for them, that although they may be no Friends to the Church, yet they may be to the State; And now behold one of the greatest Miracles in Nature: The Universe (by Travellers general report) not affording the like, whose Waters, (granted by all hands to be as old as the Creation, keeping constantly one quantity and quality in the greatest Drought, not one drop less in appearance, nor in the greatest Flouds or Innundation any the More, experimentally made true by this unquestionable Evidence, the Waters filling it up to the usual height, which when the Sluces are carefully
and

and exactly stopped, whether Summer or Winter, Drought or Floud, makes not one Minutes difference, so that Dame *Luna*, that Puling Piss-Kitchin Planet with her Ebbings and Flowings, her Nepes and Spring-tides, hath no influence at all here, and no more then Reason,

for these Waters all along have been and are * *Aqua Solis*, so *Sol* is solely predominant here, and Lord Paramount, whereby we are assured they partake of no other accidental Increase, by any Spring or soaking to contaminate, defile or dis-vertue it, which the cold Waters of *Tunbridge, Epsom, Barnet, &c.* cannot appropriate to themselves, if general report be true, they increasing and decreasing, according to Accident and Season; but of this no more till I come to hint, and but to hint of them in another place.

Now the quantity of these Waters arising in the Kings Bath (there are none in the Queens although they are contiguous) may (as is supposed) very well drive an Over-shot Mill, and the quality is as constant as the quantity, the Springs at their Ebullitions, as hot in *December* as in *June*, and therefore may (with some more care for prevention of taking Cold) be with much efficacy used in all Seasons of the year, which is very fit should be taken notice of, to remove a Vulgar Error, That these Waters are never useful nor seasonable but in the Summer.

Among the many Springs in the Kings Bath, there is a principal one called the Hot-Spring, which is received by its self (without Communication into a lead Cistern, and that so close, that it is impossible any Drop of the other Waters can intermingle, over this Spring and Cistern, is (by the Order and Direction of an Honorable and Famous Physitian, a pump erecting, so that the Waters from its single Effluence shall by three several Conveyances, be distributed abroad in wonderful quantities, in-
somuch,

ſomuch, that although the three pumps ſhould be in perpetual agitation, yet this noble, and exuberant Spring will remain inexhauſtible, the Vertues whereof Fame (warranted by Experience) hath juſtly Trumpetted forth to the world, inſomuch, that they are not only made uſe of in the Bath, the ſeveral places of the City, and Neighborhood, but alſo in Bottles and Runlets at *Briſtol, Glouceſter, Worceſter*, nay, *London* it ſelf. Among many its vertues, I ſhall give you an accompt of but a few, Take your proportion in the Morn, whether two, three, or more quarts, as may be preſcribed you, for four, five, or ſix hours after you have drank them, you have no Thirſt, whereas formerly, when they were not taken inwardly, the Bathers were ſo greatly afflicted with it, that many times weak heads have been near an intoxication in only endeavouring by taking in other potable Liquor (moderately) to quench it, and all the times theſe Sovereign Waters are in your body, although they may give you ſeveral Stools, yet it is without any rumbling in your body, or Laceration of your Guts, having a gentle and painleſs Operation, both by Urine and Siege; the Concomitant whereof is an excellent Stomach, much better'd by walking and ſtirring your body after the drinking them, and ſtill as your body empties, you may continue drinking more, the Waters being ſo innocent, that it is ſeldom or never heard, any complaint that a great quantity injured any one, and now (as I ſaid before) they are never out of ſeaſon, for that Stateſly new erected Croſs in the Kings Bath is a defence and ſhelter as well from Winters blaſts as Summers Sun, and there are many convenient Rooms for drinking of, and bathing in them, which may invite thoſe that have occaſion to make uſe of them at any ſeaſon, eſpecially ſince I ſhall give them this aſſurance, that although there may be to Winter-Bathers

more expence in fact, yet to recompence that, their Lodgings will be cheaper, and the Inhabitants are observed to be as active in their attendance, and as ready to take your Money, in hoary *December*, as in fragrant *June*. This being granted, I have often wonder'd so much people have neglected a suddain Repair hither, but to the loss of many of their Lives, Limbs, or both; have delayed so long, and tamper'd so much, by taking undue courses in other places, that many times, when they come hither, they are so far past all hopes, that nothing but a Miracle can cure them; whereas seldom or never, any part hence (that make early Application) without some comfort, if not perfect cure or recovery. I cannot play the Emperick to tell you all the Maladies, and Diseases by Potion and Lotion they are effectually good for, only this (to my own knowledge) they are (in some constitutions) good against, and for avoiding the very Stone, of which there are proofs sufficient, among the many this one, The dearest Relation of the Author of these papers, was extreemly tormented with it for some years, never could she find any ease or comfort by any Skill or Direction of the ablest Physician, till the great Physician was pleased to put it into her head to make use of the Bath; which in three or four times using, by bathing and drinking, divers Stones came from her, and that only in the time of her Bathing, and drinking, some whereof as big as Olive-Stones are yet in my Custody, and from that time to her dying day, (which was some years) was never troubled with it afterwards. For other ordinary Diseases, as *Palsie*, *Dropfie*, *Scatica*, *Rickets*, and the like, the numberless number of Crutches that have from time to time been left behind, is a sufficient Testimony, some whereof yet hung up, remain as Trophies of Gods Mercies in their several Cures.

And

And now in this place (according to my promise) and purpose) I shall speak somewhat of the Cold Waters of *Tunbridge, Epsom, &c.* so much celebrated and drank of in and about *London*, wherein because I may be thought partial, I shall speak the less, in which let me desire an Observation whether or no since the drinking those Waters have been so much in use. *The Gripping of the Guts*, a not only painful torturing, but Mortal Malady, hath not been more frequent now then in former times, it is easily found to be so by examination of the Weekly Bills, which plainly evidences, that of late more have been cast over the Perch, by this doleful Disease in one year, then (giving allowance also for the growth of the City too proportionably) in former Ages in seven, and those that will not appropriate that single Disease; besides some others that may be attributed to those Waters, are in their understandings (I humbly conceive) blind or wilfully obstinate, indeed how can it be otherwise but those cold and crude Springs, with their Nauseous soakings (so averse to our *English*, and all Northern Constitutions) lying so long in the Stomach, but must oppress, chill it, and destroy the Appetite, especially since it is granted there is many times a mixture of Rain waters, soaking through the several crannies of the Earth into them, adding an increase by Urine and Ordure, Humane and Beluine, plentifully shed thereabouts; so that the Physick makes the Excrement, and (*Vicissim*) the Excrement the Physick; certainly it is so, those Springs being observed to be far more fluent in wet and cold Summers, then in the hot and dry, then if compounded Rain-waters, and such Soakings are of such vertues I suppose they may be had nearer home, but it can never win belief with me, that the drinking them is the sole Reason and Occasion of the great resort thither; no, doubtless there is something else

in it Meetings; which if so, they that go thither on that Errand, do not amiss, let them enjoy and solace themselves there, no hurt, but when they are there, to drink the waters in such a prodigious manner and measure through wantonness, custom, or example, can by no man wishing well to the Nation be approved of. But *Si Populus vult perire, quis vetet?* Sure this I am, that not above two or three years since, some sixteen miles distant from this City at a place called *Alford*, there was such another Spring found out, as I now am discoursing of; never was there a greater resort to any place (considering the small quantities of Waters it produced) then thither so much reputation it had gained that much people had the patience to stay their turns (for Gods mercies were much seen in that it was a (pitifully) barren Spring) till they could be supplied from the Well. This was then (for that year only, for never before, nor never after, that I ever could here of (it having (paid the Drinkers off, sufficiently) was it made use of) the *English Bethesda*, but it was not the Angel of the Lord that stirred those Waters, but an evil one; found so, by the Diseases and Mortality that seized on abundance of People, in a very short time after they had drank them; insomuch, that ever since there is a *Lord have Mercy* written on the Door of him that made Merchandize of them.

Hinc Subita Mortes atque intestatus Senectus.

And now I have done with the Cold Waters, when I have given you a sight of a Valedictory Bequest which a (wag-gishly) witty Gentleman (who in the time of the late Wars, was with others rinsing his Hypochondriacks) bestowed on *Epsom*.

*May all Carouses on this Green
Be health and more to th' King and Queen;
But the Squirr, and scent in Field and City
An Oblation to the Close Committee,*

To

To conclude, what I have said of the King and Queens Baths, I would be understood as to their Vertues (*Conjunctim aut divisim*) to be said of all. Only this, The Springs of the Cross Bath are not so hot as the Kings, nor so fluent; neither those in the Hot Bath, the distinction being given it, in reference (only) that it is hotter the adjoining Cross Bath; all which Baths are so surrounded with such Noble Buildings for Reception, that they appear (in respect of other places so remote from the Metropolis) rather petty Palaces, then common Lodgings, Summ'd up in a pair of Heroicks by the Author hereof near an Age since, and may now with Candour seem no vain glory, or impertinence, to be inserted here, since they no wayes Hyperbolize the Convenience, Gallantry, nor Vertues of the Baths, nor City; and being both made on accident not design, vindicates the Honour of our *English* Tongue, having fewer Letters in our own then the Latine, and yet as full significant and expressive as that.

*Balnea lymphæ Forum sic Templum Mania Rivus
Taliatam parva, nusquam sunt urbe reperta.*

Baths, Church, Rock-water, River, Hall Wall-round,
Such in so little a City, no where found.

*Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come
again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.*

*Are not Abana and Pharphar rivers of Damascus, better
then all the waters of Israel?*

*Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in
Jordan, and his flesh came again, like unto the flesh of a little
Child, and he was clean, 11 Kings 1 Cap.*



THE APPENDIX,

Without which a Pamphlet now a dayes, finds as
as small acceptance as a Comedy did formerly,
at the *Fortune* Play-house, without a Jig of
Andrew Kein's into the bargain, therefore to temporize
(I pray take that word in the best sense) I here present
you with a **Legendary** one, and for caution, would not
have you tie your faith too much on it, although (I
assure you) it is *Parti-par-pale*, as our West-Country
House-wives Orders their Puddings, with Vatt and Lean,
this my Country-man (to my knowledge) dyed in
East-India, on whom *Padree Hatch* bestowed this
Epitaph,

*Here lyes Tom Coriat, Odcombe's pride,
Who came to Surat, and here he dy'd.*

This famous person was not only a Well-wisher to the
Mathematicks, but also a great *Aristotelian peripatetick*,
and co-temporary with the great *Gamaliel Signieur*
Crusado

*Crusado of Chule grande, in or before Travails, having read much of * Feoffrey Monmouth, especially in that which had reference to what was concern'd in the great Table hung up against the Wall in the Kings Bath; dedicating it to old Feoffreys Ghost, he bolts out in this Poetical Rapture, —*

** The single Author that Bladud found out these Waters and Bath the City.*

Ludhudibras a Meazel Voule, did zend his zun a graezing, who Vortnend hither vor to cum, and geed his Pigs sum peazun; Poor Bladud be was Manger grown, his Dad, which zun call Vaether,

Zet Bladud Pig, and Pig Bladud, and zo they ved together. Then Bladud did the Pigs invect, who grunting ran away And wound whot waters prezently, which made um vresh and gay.

Bladud was not so grote a Vool, but zeeing what Pig nid doe, He beath'd and wash'd and rins'd and beath'd from Noddle down to toe.

Bladud was now (Gramercy Pig) a delicate Vine boy, Sowhome he trudges to his Dad, to be his only Foy. And then he bills this gawdy Town, and sheer'd his beard Spade-ways,

Which Voke accounted then a grace, though not so, now a days. Two Thow sand and vive hundred years, and thirty vive to that, Zince Bladud's zwine did looze their greaze, which we Moderns cal Vas:

About that time it was also, that Ahob's zuns were hanged, And Jezabel their Mam (curz'd deel) caus'd Naboth be Stone-banged.

Chee cud zay more, but cham a veard, Voke will account this Vable,

O Invidels if yee woon not me, yet chee pray believe the Table.